

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

STEPHEN M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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The Bloomfield Record.

A LIVE

Local Newspaper.

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Independent, Non Partisan, Inexpensive.

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"The Record"

is the ONLY Weekly Newspaper Published and Printed

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THE PEOPLE.

Legitimate Advertisements

Inserted on reasonable terms. Advertisers who avail

themselves of its columns will find it a first-class ad-

vertisement, circulating as it does in the best families of

Bloomfield, Montclair, and vicinity.

"THE RECORD"

Job Printing Office

Is furnished with the

Newest and Latest Styles of Type,

MATERIAL AND PRESSES.

We are prepared to do promptly and in the Neatest

Manner ALL KINDS OF PRINTING, Such as

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SURVEYORS,

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D. C. S. STOCKTON,

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(Successor to Dr. Culbert)

No 15 Cedar street,

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OFFICE, MASONIC HALL, RAILROAD AVENUE,

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THOMAS TAYLOR,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

AND

NOTARY PUBLIC.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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SURVEYOR, CONVEYANCER,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

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Thirty years a practical Watch and Clock Maker, ex-

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Panegy Articles with neatness and dispatch.

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RAILROAD AVENUE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jan. 20-17

Miscellaneous.

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CARRIAGE PAINTING,

Trimming and General Blacksmithing.

Repairing of all kinds attended to with neatness

and dispatch.

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PEOPLES' MARKET.

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BUTCHER.

MEAT AND VEGETABLE MARKET,

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Most of all kinds of Vegetables in season, con-

stantly on hand.

Orders promptly attended to, and delivered free of

charge.

CONRAD REISS,

MANUFACTURER OF

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ALSO DEALER IN

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FLY-NETS,

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Opposite Archdeacon's Hotel,

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Orders punctually attended to, at the shortest notice

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PORK,

POULTRY, SMOKED AND CORNED MEATS,

Fruits and Vegetables in their Season.

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BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Jan. 22

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

Keeps constantly on hand

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, READY MADE

CLOTHING & GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.

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J. BATZLE'S

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Has constantly on hand a choice variety of Ready-made

Boots and Shoes of his own manufacture, at prices as

low as can be found elsewhere.

Custom Work a Specialty.

Repairing neatly done.

C. L. WARD & SON,

PRACTICAL

Wheelwrights, Blacksmiths and Horse Shoers.

Carriages built, painted and trimmed to order in the

most approved styles.

Jobbing promptly attended to:

Horses shod on.

Brady's Improved System,

which embraces new and correct principles.

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JOSEPH H. EVELAND,

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All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

Residence, Thomas Street. Shop, State Street, near

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CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

MYRTLE STREET,

Near Watessing Depot, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

JAMES BERRY,

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Furniture and Pianos MOVED WITH CARE. Also Gen-

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ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

P. HURLBURT,

CARPENTER AND BUILDER,

SHOP ON ARTHUR STREET, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

Opposite the Railroad Depot.

STAIN BUILDING, Pattern Making, etc. Jobbing of all

kinds promptly done and promptly delivered to.

Miscellaneous.

FAITH MURRAY'S VOW.

'Not an ungenerous girl was Faith Murray, by any manner of means, and her honest blue eyes were very pleasant to look into. Apart, nevertheless, of Faith's inheritance from her high-headed Scotch ancestry had been a somewhat hasty and jealous disposition, and a goodly share of their own unyielding obstinacy. As her mother was apt to remark at times: "Faith is a dear girl, but she needs management, and it isn't everybody that knows how."

Not "everybody," indeed; and assuredly not such a bluff, frank, straightforwardly up-and-down fellow as Curtis Howland. Tall, broad-shouldered, curly-headed, dark-eyed, was Curt, and his white teeth were perpetually gleaming through his heavy mustache in a smile that betokened good-will to every soul he met, male or female.

That was very much the way in which he came so utterly to grief in his "management" of Faith Murray. He was as true as steel, and she knew it; but his universal popularity had shaped itself, strangely enough, into one of her pet grievances, and this she had nursed into such strength that its evil energy burst forth, at last, just at the wrong time and place.

Openly, angrily, and in the hearing of others even, had Faith told Curt, on their return from the last picnic, and boating party of the season, that she "would never put her foot in a boat of his again."

Curt had replied, with a laugh, "Then I'll always have to borrow one of your somebody else's;" but Faith learned afterward that from that day forth the square-nosed, light-built and almost handsome skiff which had carried so merry a party to the picnic had never since that day been lowered from its chain at the head of the little cove where the Howland farm came down to the river.

When winter approached, the boat had been taken out, of course, and carefully stored in its customary shed near the great barns, but Faith felt very sure that no other foot since her own had been permitted to step within it.

As weeks followed week, and month after month went by, Curt Howland's broad and merry face had seemed to grow a trifle graver and more thoughtful; but his thoughts, however serious they may have been, had taught him little additional wisdom. If they had he would have known better than to say what he did to Faith when he made his first and only effort at reconciliation.

He had refused all along to be on any other than "speaking terms," and had "left her to do her quarrelling" in a way that was exceedingly impolite and exasperating.

She had fairly longed to see him show some signs of temper or sentiment, and she had derived no small degree of satisfaction from the manner in which he had treated his boat. She had fairly warmed toward him one day when she learned of his borrowing a skiff to go duck-hunting, and yet she had muttered:

"He said he'd borrow a boat to take me out in, but I'll touch him a lesson yet!" Perhaps Curt thought he had learned all the lesson that was necessary, but, at all events, one fine December day he decided to call for Faith Murray and ask her to go with him on the grand sleighing party to the "quitting bee" across the river.

There would be such a magnificent drive on the ice, and such a splendid opportunity to make up, and Curt had laid the matter very close, indeed, to his heart and hopes.

And yet, even when he went after her, he blundered, just like himself, from the very beginning. Instead of dashing up in his gay little cutter, with "Just room for two," the sleigh he drove was the biggest of all the half-dozen or so that were hitched in front of "Squire Murray's" ample doorway, and Faith had said to herself, as she looked at it from the window:

"Looks as if he was going to carry all the girls in the neighborhood!" and her blue eyes had darkened, and her fair cheeks had flushed with fresh vexation. She was, every bit, ready to take fire, therefore, when her too open-hearted admirer asked:

"You'll step into my sleigh, won't you, Faith, even if you won't put your foot into my boots?"

And she answered, sharply: "No, indeed, sir, I don't care to ride in an omnibus. You will, doubtless, have plenty of company without me."

If Curt Howland had seemed to make light of this rebuff at the summer picnic it was very different now, and there was something in the pained, hurt, disappointed expression of his manly and really handsome face that would have carried the day in his favor under any other circumstances. Every girl in the room was on his side in a moment—but Faith's rosy cheeks burned only the hotter for her consciousness of the fact—and the only person present who felt any real satisfaction was Sile Herring, the village lawyer, who was now sure of his good fortune to officiate as Faith Murray's escort to and from the quitting.

covered no new prospects, but now, as if his wife had been sharpened by Faith's reply, he began to "discern" that the sleigh was really a "freezer;" that, though the first "freezer" of the winter had been a severe one, and the ice had formed thick and strong, there had now, for several days, been altogether too much sunshine; and there was no such thing as telling what the effect of it might be.

And for Faith herself she had hardly ever seemed to be in such exuberant spirits as she displayed that evening, and Mr. Sile Herring assumed for himself a species of personal triumph, as he compared his own position and occupation with what he could imagine of Curt Howland's brooding at home over his defeat.

The quitting was thronged with young people and old, from far and near, but good old-fashioned hours were kept, nevertheless, and the rest of the merry company neither thought nor cared what might be the source of her high spirits. When at last the "quitting bee" broke up, those whose homeward way did not permit them to drive in the direction of the river were half disposed to envy those whose better fortune was to lead them across its broad, level bosom. They little dreamed how much to be preferred were the rougher but more safe and solid roads that took them even among ragged hills and heavily-drifted valleys.

Somehow or other, instead of going to bed at his usual hour, Curt Howland had lingered and lingered in front of his glowing log-bed fireplace, long after every other soul in the house had gone to bed. He had not, indeed, been so cold but what there was a continual drip, drip, at the eaves of the house. The tinkle of the falling drops, however, with now and then the crash of a loosened icicle, fell on his ears with a painful jar. Could it be possible that such a man had nerves? But now, swiftly down the road there came the sound of bells, and the vision of a sleigh was halted for a moment by the gate.

"Howland!" shouted a deep-throated voice. "Ah, you are up, are you? Well, there's a big rise in the river, and it's a coming this way fast. I've been just a rain' down the road to warn folks not to try the ice, but I reckon I've come as far as I need. Can you give me a sleep and a breakfast?"

"Of course I can," promptly replied Curt, "and you've done a right good neighborly thing. It's Jake Robinson, isn't it?"

"That's my name," heartily responded the stranger, "and I've only tried to do as I'd be done by."

"Well then," said Curt, going into the house, and to bed. I'll hitch up my team and see if I can make out to keep the sleighing party from mischief. There must be time enough for that yet, seeing the quitting comes first."

"I'll stable my horses," replied the philanthropic Jake, "but I don't go into no bed so long as there's anybody likely to be in danger. Well, there's room in it for more'n two, there is."

Curt Howland's movements were always a good deal more rapid and decisive than they seemed, and it was marvelous how quickly he and Jake were whirling down toward the customary crossing. In one thing, however, Curt had wholly been mistaken, and that was the probable hour for the quitting. Even while he was putting the harness on his good team, there were terrible perils gathering around the gay sleigh-riders. Not only had the "bee" dispersed, but already had a dozen different sets of bells rung fast and far on the frozen river, and already the first symptoms of the coming "rise" were beginning to show themselves in the ominous growling of the ice as the tide beneath it strained and lifted at its frosty fetters. Beyond a doubt they would be broken ere long.

"Hark!" exclaimed Curt, as he drove out from the shore. Did you hear that? We shall hardly have time to get across, I'm afraid."

"Then they won't need no warnin'," coolly remarked Jake.

"Hark!" again cried Curt Howland, but hoarsely this time, and with something like pain in the intensity of his utterance. "I did hear it! There's a team coming down the river!"

Jake Robinson himself heard it now, and exclaimed: "It does sound mighty like a runaway, I declare. Just hark to them bells!"

The gay young lawyer was not only not a skillful driver, but he had failed to understand the situation at first, and had lashed the poor colts mercilessly for their trembling refusal to go forward. Even when he consented to wheel them, he had not been able to guide them landward, for a great heave and groan of the ice around him had just then nearly frightened the senses out of both him and his quadrupeds. In a moment more the fright of the latter was a wild "runaway" right down the river, and certainly had one good result, for it bore the sleigh and its occupants swiftly away from what was fast becoming an angry tumult of cracking, tossing, grinding fragments. All this Curt Howland did not know, but, nevertheless, he drove straight forward instantly, with a dim idea of giving help to somebody. Well for him that he did so, for, in less than half a minute, he found himself spinning along at almost racing speed, hehind a light sleigh, in which there shortly arose a female form, which he knew only too well, while a clear, firm voice exclaimed: "O, Curt, the ice is breaking! Drive ashore right away!"

And Curt shouted in reply: "Head 'em for the island, Sile; you can bring 'em in there. I'll follow right on. Don't be scared—Faith, I won't leave you."

And then another form had risen in the sleigh, and Faith Murray herself caught the falling reins as Sile Herring dropped them and sprang up upon the ice. It was a rash and foolish thing to do, and Curt recoiled in just long enough to say:

"Then it's Jake; jump out and drag him ashore, while I go on after the runaways." Jake obeyed heroically, and found that Sile Herring did indeed require "dragging" to get him ashore, after that wild spring and thump upon the ice.

Faith was alone in her sleigh now, and but little sorry for that, to tell the truth, or even that she had the reins in her own hands, for she knew how to manage them far better than the panic-stricken youth who had deserted her, while the colts themselves were getting the first frenzy of their fright somewhat reeled out of them. The brave girl knew very well what Curt meant by "the island;" a low-lying bit of duck marsh and drift-wood half above the water's edge, not a great way further downstream, but in the very middle of the river. She thought it a strange stopping place at first, until she recalled how bluff and steep were the banks on either side of the river for miles below the accustomed crossing.

Straight for the island then, and Curt Howland's sleigh was close behind her; but, as she went, she found springing up the low acclivity there came to Faith's ears a sharp, quick, snapping sound; the reins were jerked from her hands, and she found herself suddenly sitting still in her light cutter, while the colts went madly on, with a pole and its attachments banging at their heads and necks.

"Jump in, Faith, jump in!" he shouted, cheerily, as he drove alongside the cutter. "Don't you see you'll be my only passenger?"

Even in that moment of awful peril, however, Faith's obstinacy yielded slowly, and she was replying, half argumentatively: "But, Curt, how will you ever get ashore? Don't you see that the ice is breaking? Won't we be safer on the island?"

When she found herself caught up in strong arms, and lifted, with or without her will, to a snug place among the blankets and buffalo robes at the bottom of the big sleigh.

"The river is rising. There is a great flood coming down!" exclaimed Curt. "In half an hour the island will be under water, and every thing on it swept away. I'd never have known if Jake hadn't warned me. I believe we've come as soon as I got the news. Thank God!"

Faith Murray felt a glow and a melting at her heart as she listened, but she made no reply. The situation certainly seemed hardly to favor much conversation, for Curt was driving fiercely up the river again, and every where the signs of the approaching "break up" were growing more and more fearful and threatening.

"Why don't you drive down?" she asked. "The rapids are only half frozen," replied Curt, "and we should surely be lost if we got into them. Besides, the water is shallower up here, and the horses will find their footing sooner after we break in."

"After we break in!" repeated Faith to herself. "Why, the sleigh will go right to the bottom. He is terribly cool about it!"

It was a cool subject, perhaps, and Faith felt the icy shudders creep over her in spite of her courage, as she noted how far they yet were from